

BY THE WRITERS OF "WAITING FOR THE ROBERT E. LEE" ~

HITCHY KOO

WORDS BY
L. WOLFE GILBERT

MUSIC BY
LEWIS F. MUIR & MAURICE ABRAHAM



GEORGE AUSTIN MOORE

F.A. MILLS
122 WEST 38TH
NEW YORK

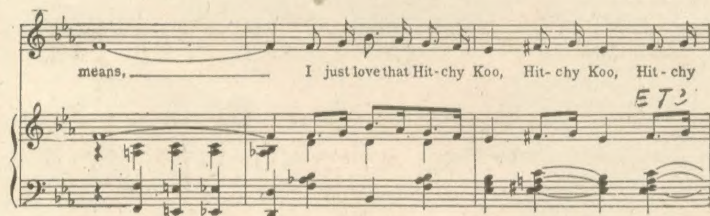
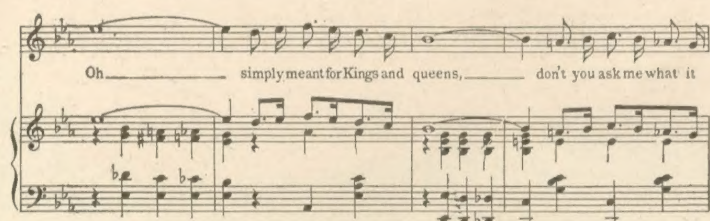
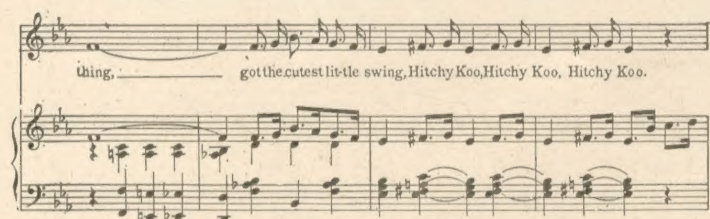
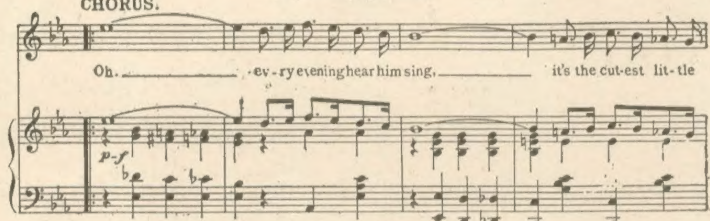
"Hitchy Koo"

Words by
L. WOLFE GILBERT,

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Music by
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CHORUS.



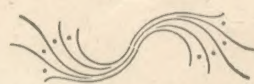
Ragging the Baby to Sleep

Nothing like this ever written before. Certainly in a field by itself.

Hitchy Koo

It's the cutest little thing,
Got the cutest little swing.

PLAY IT OVER

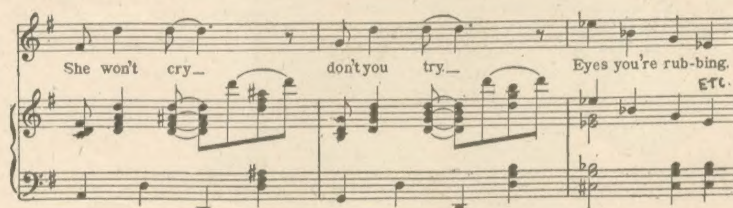
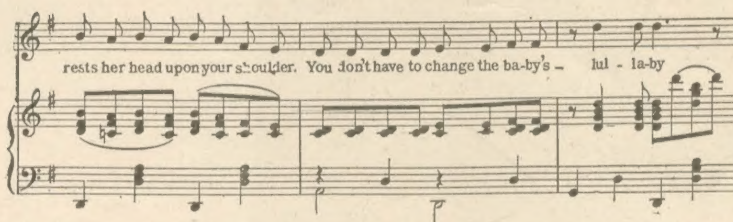
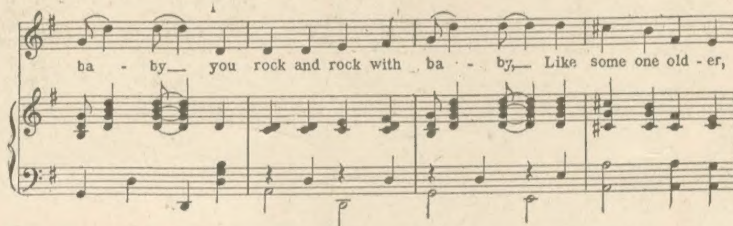
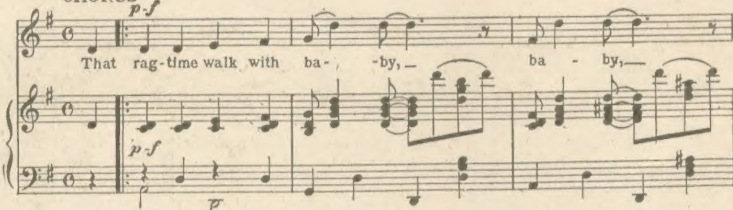


"Ragging The Baby To Sleep"

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CHORUS



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HARDING'S JIGS AND REELS.

A Collection of 200 Jigs and Reels.
The Only Thing of its Kind.

"Hitchy Koo."

Words by
L. WOLFE GILBERT.

Music by
LEWIS F. MUIR &
MAURICE ABRAHAM.

Moderato.

The piano introduction is in 2/4 time, key of B-flat major. It begins with a forte (f) dynamic. The right hand features a melody of eighth and sixteenth notes, while the left hand provides a harmonic accompaniment with chords and single notes. The piece concludes with a repeat sign.

Voice.

If you've got an ear for mu-sic then just
Oh it acts just like a ton-ic to my

The piano accompaniment for the first vocal line starts with a piano (p) dynamic. It features a melody in the right hand and a harmonic accompaniment in the left hand, with a repeat sign at the end.

gath - er near, — Tell me, can't you hear it buz - zin'
love - sick heart, — I can - not wait till eve - ning till that

The piano accompaniment for the second vocal line continues the harmonic accompaniment, with a repeat sign at the end.

in your ear;— Is it mu - sic? sure it's mu - sic, it's the
 thing will start;— Do I love it? sure I love it, of my

best you'll ev - er hear, It's my ev - er lov - in' hon - ey, call - ing
 life it is a part, like the voice of cu - pid send - ing me his

ba - by dear, Say ain't that mu - sic weired,
 lit - tle dart. Say ain't that mu - sic weired,

strang - est you ev - er heered? Say, don't you be a - skeered lis - ten!
 strang - est you ev - er heered? Say, don't you be a - skeered lis - ten!

CHORUS.

Oh. _____ ev - ry evening hear him sing, _____ it's the cut-est lit-tle

thing, _____ got the cutest lit-tle swing, Hitchy Koo, Hitchy Koo, Hitchy Koo.

Oh _____ simply meant for Kings and queens, _____ don't you ask me what it

means, _____ I just love that Hit-chy Koo, Hit-chy Koo, Hit-chy

Koo. Say he does it just like no one could, When he does it, say, he

does it good. — Oh — ev' ry evening hear him sing, —

— It's the cut - est lit - tle thing, — got the cut - est lit - tle

swing, Hit - chy Koo, Hit - chy Koo. — Koo. —

"Oh! Shush"

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CHORUS. *p-f*

All she would say_ was shush, All she would say_ was

shush_ She would talk for a while_ then she'd say with a smile,

Stop your chatter and your pat-ter Oh shush! What can the poor_ girl

mean, It's the strangest case I_ have seen And the

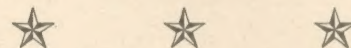


Bye, Bye, Sal.

is a quaint, contagious song; the kind everyone joins in and sings. Another typical cabaret song.

Oh! Shush!

Shush is strictly an original song. They are all singing it. It is in the atmosphere. In every New York cabaret it is the one best encore song.



"Bye, Bye Sal"

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CHORUS

Bye, Bye Sal - ly see you some more.

See you some more, I'm bound to see you some more; And when I'm

gone I'll send you - post-cards ga - lore, I'll keep the mail - man

bus - y diz - zy Bring - ing those love - notes to you. Sal - ly

"Bye, Bye Sal" 4

ANY OLD PORT IN A STORM

The great Bass Song. Even better than
Asleep in the Deep.

"Take Me To That Swanee Shore."

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CHORUS.

Oh won't you take me to that Swa - nee shore,
so I can see old Mam-my dance once more, Old Black Joe,
Han-nah - Snow, There's Dad-dy and Mam - my, there's Eph-ram and Sam - mie
Ev'ry one there to have a ju - bi-lee, The boys just ar-rived up on the
ETC.

Oh! What a Night

it was the first night it was sung! Emma Carus must have taken twenty encores. She could have been singing it yet.

Take Me To That Swanee Shore

The Hit of Gertrude Hoffman's New
Review at the Winter Garden.

"Oh What A Night."

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Marcia (Slowly)

Oh, oh, oh, oh, Oh what a night! Oh what a night!
Oh what a night! Thinking of it gives me de-light This night of mys-
ter-y goes down in his to-ry Oh, oh, oh, oh, Old pol of mine,
Left home at nine, Oh what a time I love my wife but Oh, oh you kid,
Oh what a night night night
Oh what a night 2

"SICILIAN CHIMES"

The Most Beautiful Piano Piece
Ever Written.